



No. 6 \$2.00
(\$2.66 Canada)

Dana Swartz

XENOZOIC TALES

T.M.



MARK SCHULTZ
© 1988

PRECAMBRIAN TIME

PERIOD

CAMBRIAN

ORDOVICIAN

SILURIAN

DEVONIAN

MISSISSIPPIAN

PENNSYLVANIAN

PERMIAN

TRIASSIC

JURASSIC

CRETACEOUS

TERTIARY

QUATERNARY

Some think the seeds of the Cenozoic's cataclysmic demise were sown as early as the eighteenth century. What is known is that by 1987 A.D., the series of geological upheavals that would signal the unprecedented fall of an era had already begun.

Although the enormous pattern and unfortunate cause behind the global catastrophe would not be discovered until many years later, by the early twenty-first century, mankind had begun its retreat from an increasingly inhospitable surface to the safety of vast subterranean shelters.

By 2020 A.D., the churning, spitting Earth came to a boil. Billions died and entire species were consumed. The few surviving humans huddled in their scattered iron and steel tombs and waited...

Four hundred and fifty years after it had sealed itself off, mankind returned to the daylight, and was greeted by a radically altered world...A world that logically should not exist...A world fully populated by an unprecedented, eclectic ecosystem!

Now, come with us through beauty and terror, mystery and paradox. Come with us to the...

MILLIONS OF
YEARS AGO

570

500

435

410

360

330

290

240

205

140

65

2

0

XENOZOIC ERA

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XENOZOIC TALES No. 6, Second printing published January, 1989. Published by Kitchen Sink Press, Inc., No. 2 Swamp Rd., Princeton WI 54968. Entire contents copyright © 1988, 1989 by Mark Schultz. All rights reserved. Any resemblance to any person living or dead is unintentional. Price: \$2.00 U.S.; \$2.50 Canada. **Letters:** Send to the address above. **Retailers:** contact us for distribution information. **Collectors and readers:** Write us for free catalog of our other fine books, magazines and comics. If you need other issues of XenoZoic Tales, we got 'em. Eight have been published so far, and continue on a quarterly schedule. **This is the second printing of XenoZoic Tales No. 6. Printed in U.S.A.**



"You do? *Good*, 'cause this should *interest* you.

"Remember this *morning*?... *Seems* so long ago... We were in the city and you were having another of your little *squabbles* with the governors..."



"Until *she* came and interrupted, Maia Abrelatas *pleaded* with you... *begged* the governors to reconsider their refusal to renew the search for her son..."



"And I'm sure you remember how the governors turned her away... *While* you looked on!

"But then, in desperation, she cornered *me* in the hall..."

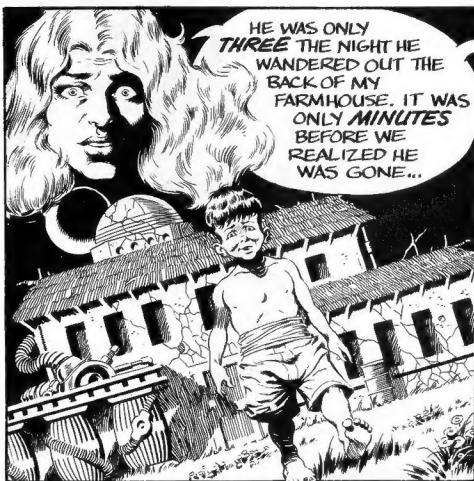


HANNAH DUNDEE!
YOU'RE A SKILLED TRACKER, AREN'T YOU?
YOU MAY BE MY LAST HOPE...

PLEASE... LISTEN TO MY STORY... OF HOW MY SON WAS **STOLEN** FROM ME **TEN YEARS AGO!**



HE WAS ONLY **THREE** THE NIGHT HE WANDERED OUT THE BACK OF MY FARMHOUSE. IT WAS ONLY **MINUTES** BEFORE WE REALIZED HE WAS GONE...



BUT IN THAT SHORT TIME THE **HYENAS** HAD SILENTLY COME AND GONE...

WE FOUND **THEIR** SPOOR ALL AROUND **HIS**... AND **BLOOD**...



FOR DAYS WE COMBED THE WILDS AND FOUND NOTHING.

THEN THEY CALLED THE SEARCH OFF... ALTHOUGH I *KNEW* HE WAS *STILL ALIVE*! I COULD FEEL HIM OUT THERE.

FOR *TEN YEARS* I'VE PETITIONED THE GOVERNORS... AND *TENREC*... TO RENEW THE SEARCH.

EVERYONE THINKS I'M CRAZY, BUT LISTEN... TWO WEEKS AGO MY SON REAPPEARED... AT MY WINDOW!



NOW HE COMES TO THE FARM NIGHTLY... AND AS SOON AS HE REALIZES I'VE SEEN HIM, HE MELTS AWAY... LIKE A PHANTOM.

HE'S TEN YEARS OLDER... BUT I *KNOW* MY SON AND *SOMETHING* IS KEEPING HIM FROM RETURNING TO ME! PLEASE... HELP ME!

"It was a mad tale... but I was moved by her very real sadness.

"So I did what *you* should have done, Jack. I went with her back to the farms..."



"There *were* many tracks left by an adolescent male leading to and from her window... Some were very recent..."

"It didn't make any sense... How could a *child* remain alive for *ten years* in the *interior*?!"

"Still, *someone* had made those tracks, and he couldn't be far away."



"It wasn't easy.

"You *know* I'm not bragging when I say that very few could have kept to that trail."



"By then it was late in the afternoon and I was miles into the jungle."



"Then the trail freshened... I knew he must be close by..."



"I was about to give it up when suddenly... *there he was!*"



"He was totally absorbed in his reflection... I got quite close to him before..."

"...He started up like a frightened *shilliwak*..."

"He looked like he'd never seen a human before. But he didn't run... although I think he wanted to..."



"He allowed me to calm him... He seemed fascinated by my voice..."

IT'S OK...
I'M NOT GOING TO
HURT YOU...



"I could tell he understood my words..."

WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT'S YOUR NAME? HOW
DID YOU GET HERE?



"Then, without a sound, he picked
up a sharp stone and..."



"There was something about his figures...with their
peculiar frames...that tugged at my memory..."



"Something familiar,
yet alien..."

"I don't
believe
he knew
how to
speak. He
certainly
didn't
mind
scrawling
out replies
to my
questions,
although
most of
'em didn't
make any
sense..."

"He couldn't
tell me
where he
came from,
or who
taught
him to
write..."



"...But when I asked him why he kept returning to the farm..."

"I stared at how he had written 'farm', and suddenly I could remember!

"His figures were abstractions of *your* alphabet tiles! The tiles you use to communicate with the *grith*!!"

"The puzzle began to fall together. In my excitement, I *grabbed* him. My new questions *frightened* him..."

"Then, from out of *nowhere*, a full-grown *wohochuk* charged!... Straight at me!

"I've never heard of *that* happening before!"

THE GRITH...DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?... ARE THE GRITH KEEPING YOU?!

"There was no time to aim my rifle. All I could do was divert him from the boy."

"I could feel his hot breath on my neck, then he galloped *past me* as if I wasn't even there."



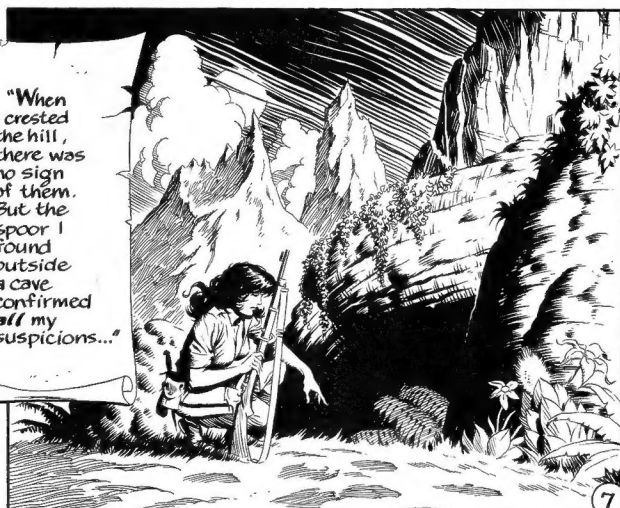
"But he had left a trail that I was *determined* not to lose until I came face to face with a grith!"



"I *tove* after them. I was so close..."



"When I crested the hill, there was no sign of them. But the spoor I found outside a cave confirmed *all* my suspicions..."



"I rigged a makeshift torch...and driven by *unreasonable obsession*..."



"I descended into the domain of the *grith!*"



"It couldn't have been long before I became aware of the *eyes* ... pinning me down... *helpless*... *defenseless*..."



"The world became a *blur*... I forgot the boy... I forgot the *grith*... I forgot *everything* in a blind *panic*!"



"I had to get out! I had to get away!"



"I can't remember how far I ran before I began to wonder just *what* had frightened me."



"And so I stumbled back here..."



BUT *YOU* ALREADY KNOW ALL ABOUT THE BOY, DON'T YOU?!

YOUR FRIENDS THE GRITH *MUST* HAVE CLUED YOU IN!



BUT THE FACT IS, HE'S ALSO HUMAN. AND HE'S AT *THAT* AGE NOW. HE'S VERY CONFUSED, AND IT'S BECOMING A PROBLEM.

I THINK THEY'LL BE TAKING HIM AWAY FROM HERE.



THE GRITH FOUND THE BOY *TORN APART* BY THE PACK... THEY SAVED HIS LIFE... THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO, YOU KNOW. THEY'VE... *CARED* FOR HIM.

NOW THEY'RE IN A BAD SPOT... THE BOY CAN'T GO HOME... NOT AFTER WHAT HE'S SEEN AND LEARNED. HE EVEN *THINKS* LIKE A GRITH!



AND WHAT DO I TELL HIS MOTHER?

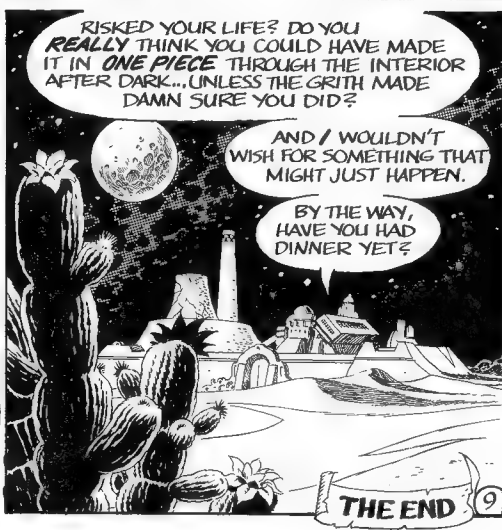
THE SAME THING I'VE BEEN TELLING HER.



BUT THAT'S NOT ALL THAT'S BOTHERING YOU, IS IT?

I CAME VERY CLOSE TO MAKING CONTACT WITH THE GRITH TODAY, JACK. I RISKED MY *LIFE* TO DO IT... BUT THEY TURNED ME AWAY.

WHY? THEY *KNOW* I WANT SOME ANSWERS! I'M TIRED OF BEING JERKED AROUND.



RISKED YOUR LIFE? DO YOU *REALLY* THINK YOU COULD HAVE MADE IT IN *ONE PIECE* THROUGH THE INTERIOR AFTER DARK... UNLESS THE GRITH MADE DAMN SURE YOU DID?

AND I WOULDN'T WISH FOR SOMETHING THAT MIGHT JUST HAPPEN.

BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU HAD DINNER YET?

THE END

9

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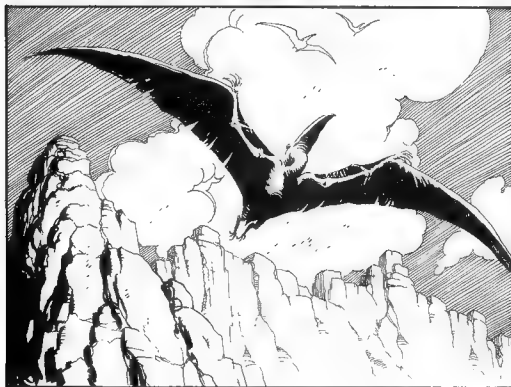
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GREEN AIR

SURE, JACK.

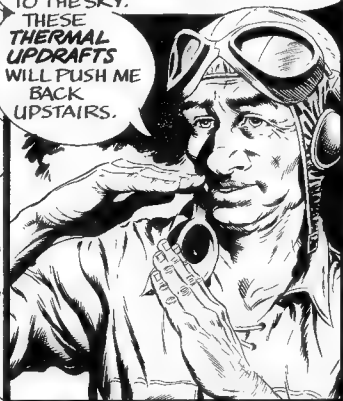
ALL SAILPLANES MUST MOVE **FORWARD** TO STAY ALOFT. ONCE I'M UP, **GRAVITY** WILL BEGIN PULLING ME IN A SHALLOW DOWNHILL COAST--ONE FOOT DOWN FOR EVERY 23 FORWARD...

TO STAY **UP**, I NEED **LIFT**... **GREEN AIR**. THE SUN WARMS THE EARTH, WHICH IN TURN THROWS COLUMNS OF HEATED AIR TO THE SKY.

THESE **THERMAL UPDRAFTS** WILL PUSH ME BACK UPSTAIRS.

NICE DAY FOR SOARING, REMFRO!

EXCELLENT DAY FOR SOARING!



WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME AGAIN HOW THIS IS SUPPOSED TO WORK...

WELL, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CAN BE SO SURE OF SOMETHIN' YOU CAN'T **SEE**...

OH, SHE WILL!

AND I WON'T PROMISE YOUR PLANE WILL EVEN GET OFF THE **GROUND**...

YOUR RESTORATION IS **FLAWLESS**, JACK. YOU'VE EXECUTED ALL MY SPECIFICATIONS PRECISELY!



MARK SCHULTZ 1988 ©

THANKS AND A TIP OF THE ALLENGROVE TO VINCE RUSH, AERONAUTICS ADVISOR.



NOW LET'S GET THIS
SHOW ON THE ROAD!
MY COMPATRIOTS
ARE WAITING!



HEY, DON'T
FORGET YOUR NOTES...
JUST IN CASE...

HANNAH,
MY DEAR... UP
THERE I WON'T HAVE
TIME TO CONSULT
MY NOTES...

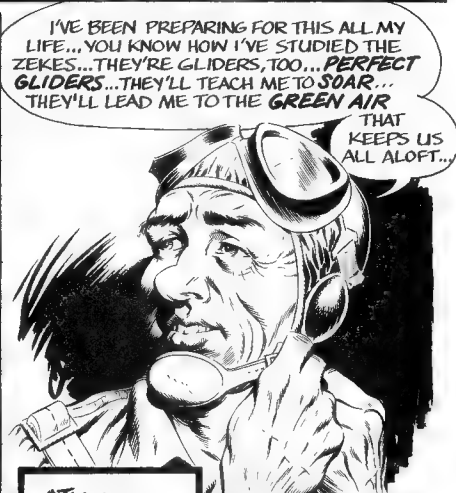


TAKE IT
ANYWAY.

I DIDN'T RUIN MY EYES
RECOPYING THIS THING'S CRUM-
BLING FLIGHT MANUAL SO YOU
COULD IGNORE IT...

... YOU DON'T
KNOW *WHAT*
MIGHT HAPPEN
UP THERE.

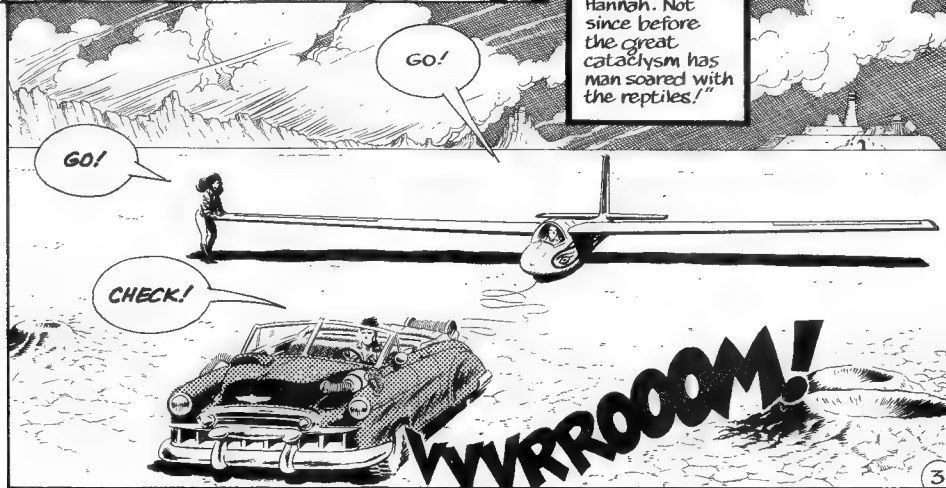
THE
ZEKES
WILL BE MY
GUIDES.



I'VE BEEN PREPARING FOR THIS ALL MY
LIFE... YOU KNOW HOW I'VE STUDIED THE
ZEKES... THEY'RE GLIDERS, TOO... *PERFECT*
GLIDERS... THEY'LL TEACH ME TO SOAR...
THEY'LL LEAD ME TO THE *GREEN AIR*

THAT
KEEPS US
ALL ALOFT..

*This is an
historic day,
Hannah. Not
since before
the great
cataclysm has
man soared with
the reptiles!

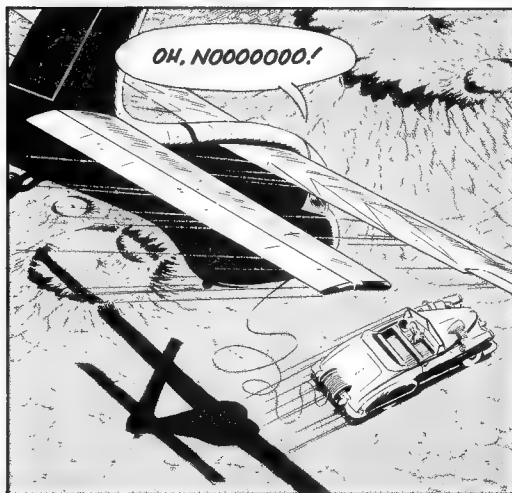


GO!

GO!

CHECK!

WVRROOM!





CAST OFF,
YOU IDIOT.
BEFORE YOU
TEAR 'ER
APART!

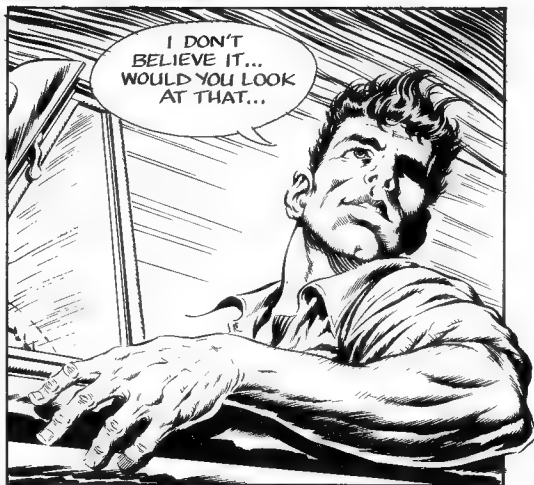


HERE GOES
NUTHIN'...

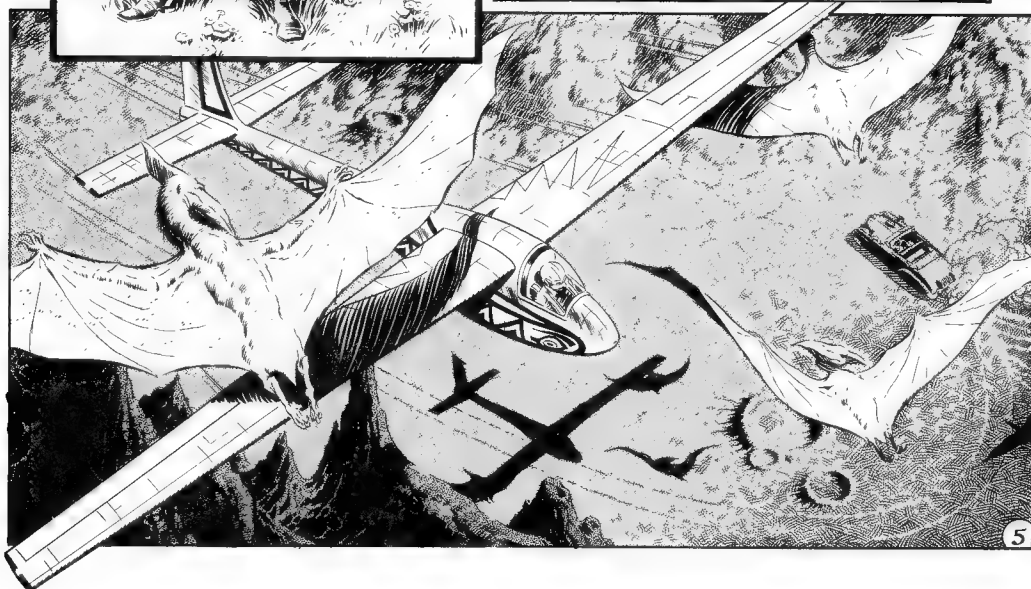


ATTABOY,
REMFRO!

NOW
TRIM
'ER...
EASY
DOES
IT...

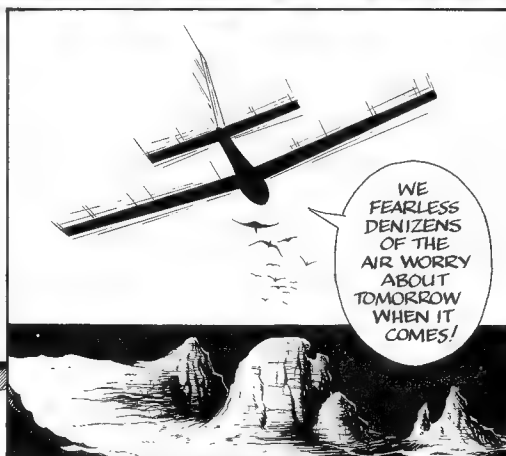


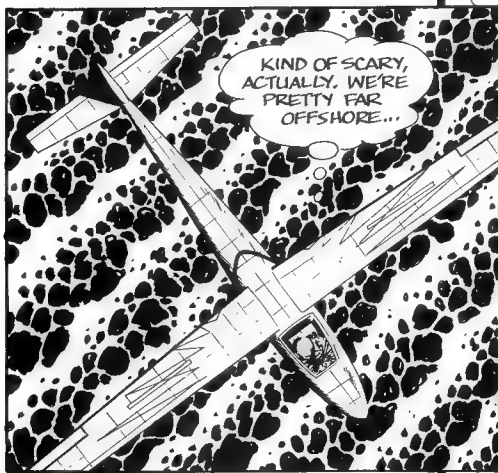
I DON'T
BELIEVE IT...
WOULD YOU LOOK
AT THAT...







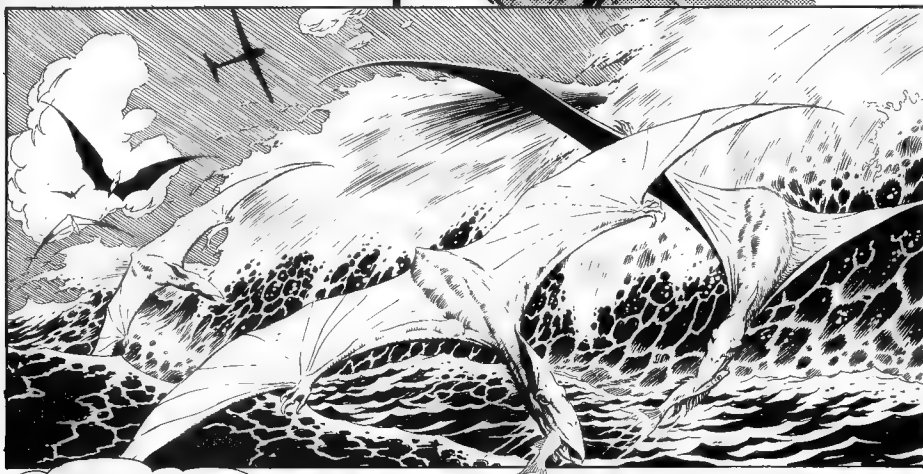




KIND OF SCARY,
ACTUALLY. WE'RE
PRETTY FAR
OFFSHORE...

THEY'RE DIVING...
MUST SEE A SCHOOL
DOWN THERE.

GOOD FISHING!



I WISH THEY'D FINISH
SOON. I'M GETTIN' AWFUL
LOW AND THOSE WAVES ARE
LOOKIN' AWFUL BIG.

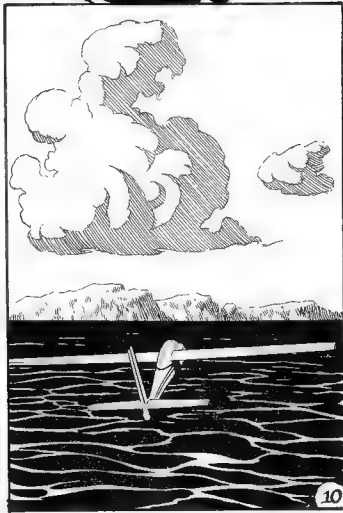
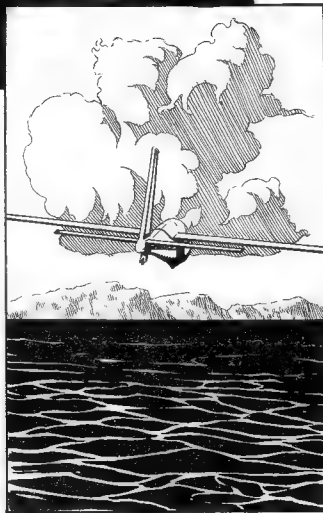
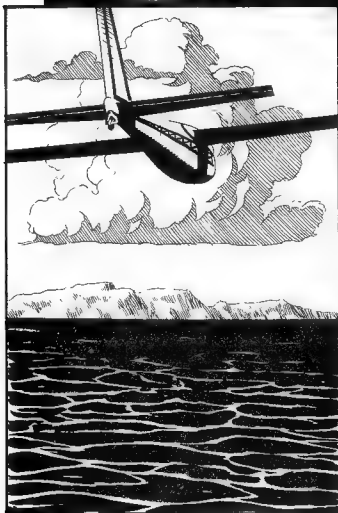


C'MON, GUYS!
ISN'T ANYONE INTERESTED
IN MAKING IT BACK
TO SHORE?



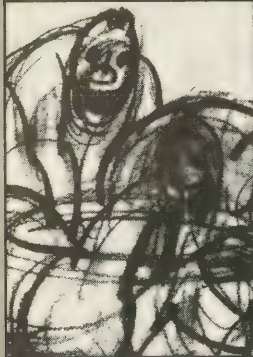
I TRUSTED
YOU!

WHERE
ARE THE
THERMALS?!





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UHHH... EASY... EASY...
DON'T SCREW UP NOW,
YOU IDIOT... THEY'RE
COUNTIN' ON YOU...
GET A **HOLD** OF
YERSELF...

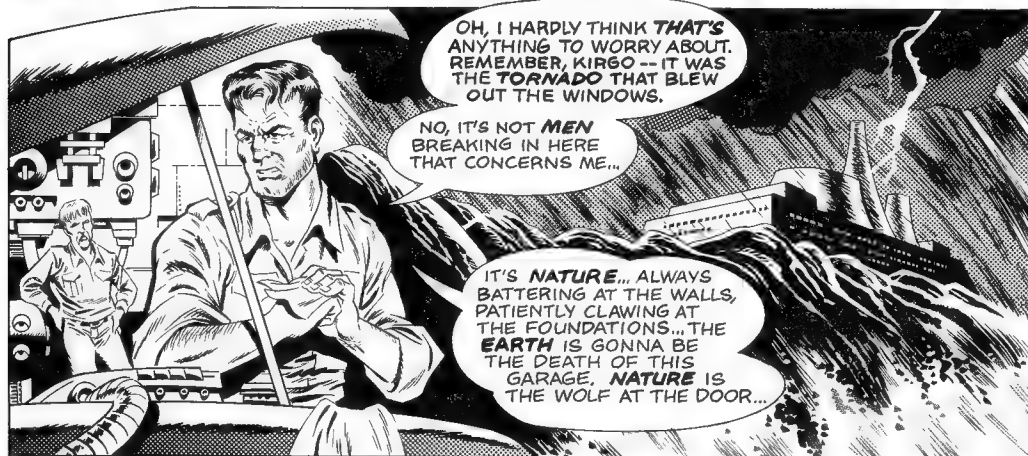
INTRUSION

THINK ABOUT WHAT
YER DOIN'... **REMEMBER**
WHY YER HERE...

TENREC... YA FILTHY SKANK!
...YA **MURDERED 'EM BOTH...**
WRENCH... **HAMMER...** MY
BROTHERS! NOW I'M GONNA
MAKE EVERYTHING **EVEN UP!**
NOW YER GONNA PAY...

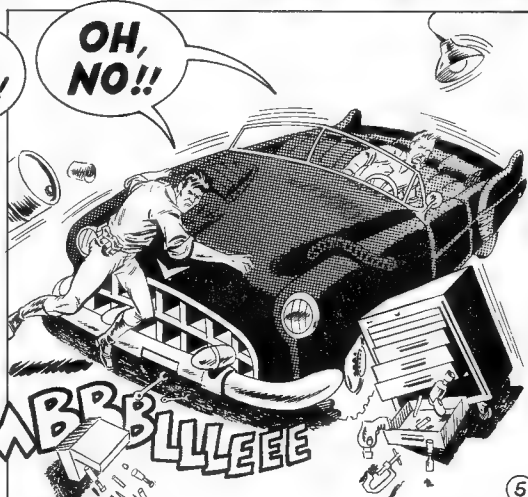
...GOTTA AVENGE
THE TERHUNE FAMILY
HONOR... **YEAH I'M**
COMING FOR YA,
TENREC!

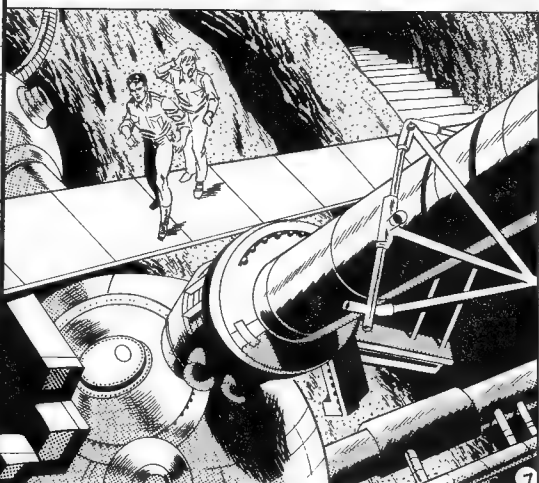
Steve
Stiles

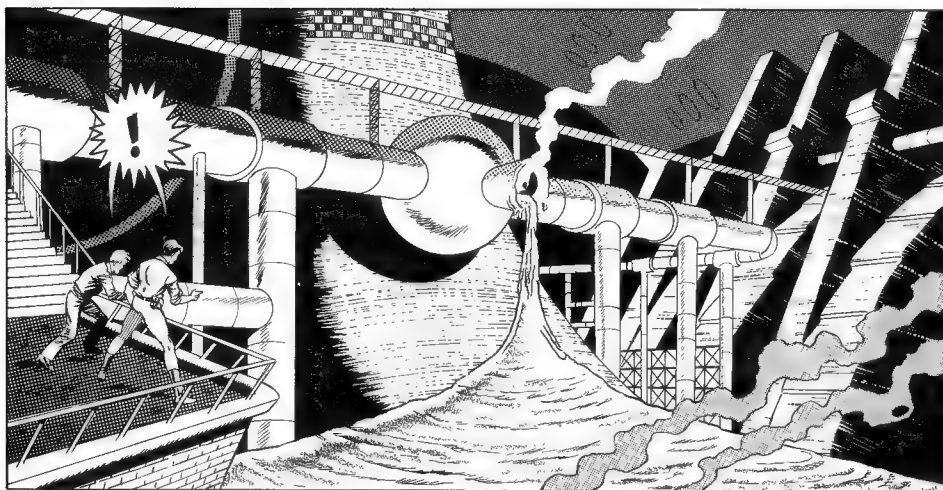












ONLY MINOR
STRUCTURAL
DAMAGE...

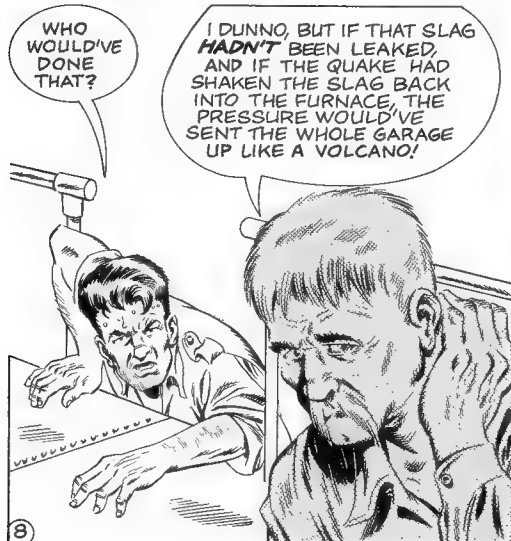
BUT FOR CRYIN' OUT
LOUD! HOW'RE WE
EVER GONNA CLEAN
THIS UP?!

JUST WHEN I
THOUGHT WE'D
SEEN **EVERYTHING**
THIS LAND COULD
THROW AT US...



WAIT A MINUTE!
THE QUAKE **DIDN'T**
BURST THE SLAG
PIPE! THE VALVE'S
OPEN!

SOMEONE
LEFT THE
VALVE
OPEN!



WHO
WOULD'VE
DONE
THAT?

I DUNNO, BUT IF THAT SLAG
HADN'T BEEN LEAKED,
AND IF THE QUAKE HAD
SHAKEN THE SLAG BACK
INTO THE FURNACE, THE
PRESSURE WOULD'VE
SENT THE WHOLE GARAGE
UP LIKE A VOLCANO!



WE'RE
JUST LUCKY
SOMEONE **DID**
OPEN THAT
VALVE...

LUCKY?

THIS ISN'T WHAT
I WOULD CALL
LUCK...

END

At last, the truth about childhood!

Doug Potter's *Chips & Vanilla* tears away the myths of childhood and lays bare the tawdry reality of what children really are like...

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BLAB! 3 is jammed to capacity with art, stories and articles about the things YOU want to read about! So what are you waiting for? Go get it NOW, tiger!

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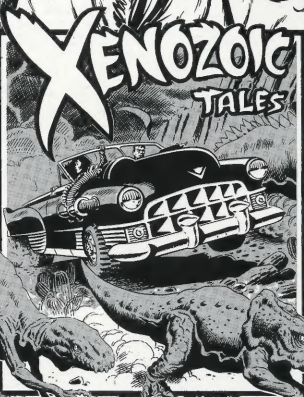
Al Capp



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saurs roam Earth, and
so do Cadillacs...IN THE
FUTURE, Jack Tenrec
and Hannah Dundee try
to figure that out...and
why they feel the way
they do about each oth-
er...BUT RIGHT NOW,
you can enjoy Jack,
Hannah, the dinosaurs
and Cadillacs in the as-
tounding, eye-popping
XENOZOIC TALES, by
Mark Schultz...**



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☐Xenozoic Tales 1 ☐XT 2 ☐XT 3 ☐XT 4
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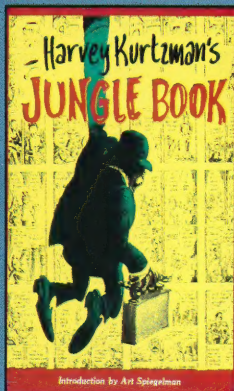
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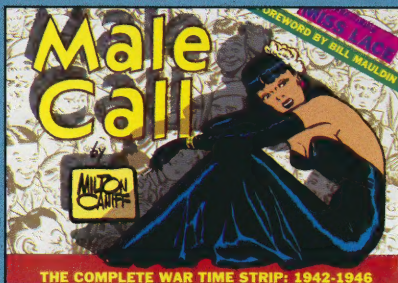
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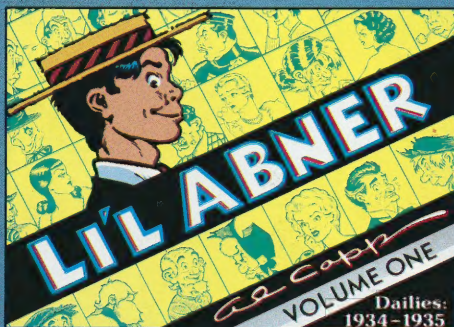
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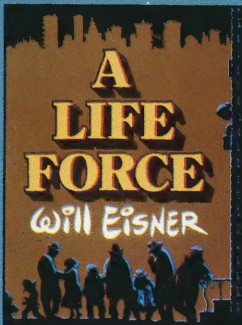
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